This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

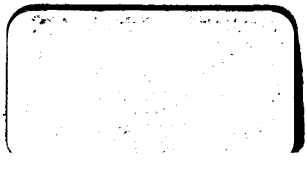
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

G. A.
Gloucestershire
4° 13.

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

CONTEST.

AN

ODE.

— Memini, et victum fruſtra contendere Thyrſin.
Ex illo, Corydon, Corydon eſt tempore nobis.

Virg.

M DCC LXXXI.

Gough Adds Gloucestershire
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE CONTEST.

I.

"'TWAS *Death!* I mark'd him as he paſt,
" With gory ſpurs of ſpeed,
" Impetuous urge the howling blaſt,
" And thirſting for the deed.
" Nor Honour's helm, nor twiſted mail
" To ſave thee, *Cheſter!* can avail;

" Virtue

Digitized by Google

" Virtue and all her ſtarry train
" Around thee kneel and weep in vain ;
" In vain thy Friends ; in vain thy tender Wife
" With oily ſuccours feeds the lamp of life ;
" In vain thy Country deprecates thy doom :
" *Cheſter !* thy head lies low,—it ſinks into the tomb."

II.

Such were the ſolemn ſounds of woe
Fame utter'd, as ſublime ſhe ſtood
Where *Rodb'row*'s cloud-encircled brow
With ſcorn ſurveys the nether flood.
Faction heard the doleful knell
(*Faction* eldeſt child of hell)

And

Digitized by Google

And rolling fierce her haggard eyes,
Swell'd at once to wondrous ſize.
Her talons, fat with human gore,
A baleful torch triumphant bore,
That comet-like, with hideous glare,
Redundant ſtream'd along the lurid air.

III.

" Arms ! Arms !" the *Fury* cries ;
And ſtrait her grieſly band,
In *yellow* pomp ariſe,
Dread ſcourges of their native land.
The *Fiend*, as far above the reſt
Young *B*——— rear'd his haughty creſt,
Sprung forward with maternal joy,
And fondly kiſs'd her *long-loſt* boy :

Cloſe

Digitized by Google

Cloſe her darling Son ſhe preſs'd
Infuriate to her viperine breaſt,
Till her keen venom poiſon'd every part,
And all her ſavage ſoul was rankling in his heart.

IV.

" Noble Captain, ſee! thy crew
" Exulting at thy bleſt return,
" Ever dauntleſs, ever true,
" Around thy banners furious burn!
" Soon the *Sons of Blue* ſhall yield,
" Soon ſhall quit the foughten field;
" And *D*——, tho' a valiant foe,
" Soon thy arm ſhall lay him low.
" —Hark! *Sabrina*'s rocky ſhore
" Rebellows to the wild uproar:

" The

Digitized by Google

" The ſtorm begins; the taſk will ſoon be done;
" And *Vict'ry* crown with bays the temples of my
Son."

V.

The *Monſter* ſpoke; and waving high
Her flambeau, thunder'd ſuch a yell,
As ſtruck the concave of the ſky
And deeply pierc'd the heart of hell;
For *B*——— now had led along
His loud, tempeſtuous, hot-mouth'd throng,
That cluſt'ring thick at his command,
Like *locuſts* darken'd all the land.
Pale *Spectres* ſhriek; with boding notes,
The *Owl* and *Raven* ſtrain their throats;

The

Digitized by Google

The *Rear-mouſe* flits on leather wing,
And all the *Shames* of nature ſing:
Ev'n *B—rr—w* ſmiles a ghaſtly grin,
And *Orc* grows blacker at the din;
Night premature extends her ebon ſway,
Obſcures the *Blue* ſerene, and ſhuts the eye of day.

VI.

But Oh! what glories ſtrike my gaze!
——The low'ring clouds diſparted fly!
Inceſſant ſtreams of light emblaze
The forehead of the *Orient* ſky!
And, lo! a *Form* divinely gay
Ariſes like the God of Day:

'Tis

Digitized by Google

'Tis *D*—— ! Britain's hope and pride,
Great * *Odard*'s faulchion by his ſide !
Hail ! mighty Chief, by Heav'n deſign'd
To baniſh woe from humankind ;
Whoſe tongue a ſtream of wiſdom flows,
Whoſe heart with goodneſs ever glows,
Whoſe arm is thirſting to ſubdue
Lernean Faction's fiery crew :
—And See ! thy dread approach they fly,
Nor dare the lightning of thine eye ;
Headlong from wild *Ambition*'s awful height,
Deep in the yawning gulph, they ſink to endleſs night.

Behold

* *Vid.* Rudder's Hiſtory of Glouceſterſhire, p. 649.

Digitized by Google

VII.

Behold the laurel'd *Knight* ſublime
On *Vict'ry*'s throne !—Ye *Bards* of fire,
Symphonious chant the lofty rhyme,
And loudly ſweep the vocal lyre.
Louder ſtill and louder raiſe
Jubilant the notes of praiſe ;
For never will your raviſh'd eyes
Survey a Chief ſo good and wiſe ;
So void of pride, ſo free from ſtrife,
So form'd for private and for public life ;
So pleas'd to guard the glories of the *Crown*,
And for his *Country*'s peace to ſacrifice his own.

VIII.

Lo ! the *Virtues* all advance,
The *Graces* three, the *Muſes* nine ;

Friſking

Digitized by Google

Friſking light they form the dance,
Attemper'd to the notes divine.
The ſportive *Loves* and laughing *Hours*
Profuſely ſcatter new-born flowers ;
Earth aſſumes a gayer veſt,
And *Heaven* with purer *Blue* is bleſt.
Bright *Rapture* ſmiling bids the balmy gale,
On gladſome pinion, bear the pleaſing tale,
That *Echo* thro' each valley may prolong
This glorious burthen of the choral Song :
" While *Ether*'s vault retains its *azure hue*,
" So long ſhall *B*——— yield to *D*—— and *True Blue*."

Tetbury, Jan. 24, 1781.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google